DOCTOR
Merry-man:
OR,
Nothing but Mirth.

Written by *S. R.*

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DOCTOR
Merry-Mans

Doctor Merry-man,
OR,
Nothing but Mirth.

A Citizen for Recreation ſake
To ſee the Country would a journey make,
Some dozen miles, or little more,
Taking his leave of his friends two months before,
With drinking healths, and ſhaking by the hand,
As if he had travel'd to ſome New-found-land.
Well, taking Horſe with very much ado,
London he leaves for a day or two:
And as he rideth, meeteth on the way,
Such (as what haſte ſoever) bid Men ſtay;
Sirrah (ſaies one) Sand, and your Purſe deliver,
I am a Taker, you muſt be a Giver;
Unto a Wood ſtreight way they hale him in,
And Rifle him unto the very skin:
Maſters (quoth he) pray hear me e're you go,
For you Have robbed more than you do know,
My Horſe (in troth) I borrowed of my Brother,
The Bridle and the Saddle of annother:
The Jerkin and the Baſes be a Taylors,
The Scarfe (I do aſſure you) is a Sailors:
The Falling-band is likewiſe none of mine,
Nor Cuffs, as true as this good light doth ſhine;
The Satten Dubles, and the Velvet Hoſe,
Are our Church-wardens, all the Pariſh knows:

The Boots are *John* the Grocers of the *Swan*,
The Spurs were lent me by a Serving-man:
One of my Rings (that with the great red Stone)
In sooth, I borrowed of my Gosip *Joan*,
Her Husband knows not of it, Gentlemen,
Thus stands my case, I pray shew favour then:
Why (quoth the thieves) thou needst not greatly care
Since in thy loss so many bear a share,
The world grows hard, many good-fellows lack,
Look not at this time for a penny back.
Go tell at *London*, thou didst meet with four,
That rifling thee, have robb'd at least a score.

TWo Beggars did encounter on the way,
That had not seen each other in many a day,
Nor met together at the Hedge, (Rogues Hall)
As perfect lowsie as they both could crawl:
Each had a cap, an night-cap for the cold,
And Cloaks with patches full as they could hold,
Great Satchel Scrips that shut with leather flaps,
And each a Dog to eat his Masters scraps:
Their shooes were Hob-nail proof, soundly bepegg'd,
Wrapt well with clouts, to keep them warmer legg'd,
Saies one to th'other, *Come, hang care, let's drink:*
Our Trade is better than a number think.
For I, my Wife, and Jack, *go up and down,*
To make our every day worth Half a crown
Most Towns in Flanders *I have learn'd to name,*
And am a poor distressed Souldier lame,
And sometimes I their charrity desire,
Like One hath lost all that he had by fire.

Fire

Fire (quoth the other) come along mad knave,
Let's go where we ſome watring place may have.
Where's the beſt Beer to give a man content
I have a penny that was never ſpent:
And twenty ſlaves, I Gentlemen did name,
Before I could be Maſter of the ſame:
To many an Aſſe I do the *Worſhip* give,
With *Lord preſerve you whilſt you live*,
Now Jeſus proſper you by Sea and Land,
And bleſs you, Maſter, all you take in hand.
God keep your limbs, and Lord increaſe your ſtore,
I eat no bread to day (but drunk the more)
For Chriſt his ſake make this ſame up a penny,
Thus do I angle ſilver out of many,
I, when I have it for my ſpeaking fair,
If they were hang'd that gave it, I'de ne're care.
The other Beggar laught, and did reply,
Roger, of that ſame humour juſt am I;
I can afford good ſpeeches as well as thou,
And unto any Knave ſuch words allow;
I will not want that, till my tongue doth fail,
But prethee come, let us go finde the Ale,
I am as dry as ever was *March* duſt,
And here's a groat, I mean to ſpend it juſt.
Well ſaid old *Tom*, (ſaies th'other) if thou do,
My groat ſhall go, and my Tobacco too:
Although a Beggar's credit be not great;
We will be Gentlemen in our conceit:
I think my ſelf as good a man each way,
As he that goes in's Velvet every day.
Wee'l ſpend a Crown, and drink Carouſes round,
Before ſome Churles are worth ten thouſand pound:
There's nothing but a pair of ſtocks we fear,
I'le bring thee to a Cup of tickling gear.

A Money-monger choice of Sureties had,
A Country fellow plain in Ruſſet clad:
His doublet, mutton-taffety Sheep-skins,
His ſleeves at hand button'd with two good pins,
Upon his head a filthy greaſie Hat,
that had a hole eat thorow it by a Rat,
A Leater Pouch that with a ſnap hanch ſhut,
One hundred hobnails in his ſhoes were put,
The ſtockings that his clounish legs did fit,
Were Kerſey to the calfe, and th' other knit,
And at a word, th'apparel that he wore
Was not worth twelve pence, at *Who give more?*
The other ſurety of another ſtuffe,
His neck inviron'd with a double Ruffe,
Made Lawn and Cambrick both ſuch common wayes,
His double ſet had falling bands to ſpare,
His faſhion new, with late Edition ſtood,
His Rapier-hilt imbru'd in golden blood,
And theſe ſame trapings made him ſeem ſo ſound,
To paſs his credit for an hundred pound,
So was accepted; Ruſſet-coat deny'd,
But when time came the money ſhould be paid,
And *Mounſieur* did hunt him out,
Strange alteration ſtruck his heart in doubt;
For in the Counter he was gone to dwell,
And Brokers had his painted cloaths to ſell,
The Uſurer then underſtands,
The Clown (refuſ'd) was rich, and had good lands,
Ready (through rage) to hang himſelf, he ſwore,
That ſuch knaves ſhould couzen him no more.

Nothing but Wit.

A Wealthy Misers Son upon a day,
Met a poor youth, that did intreat and pray,
Something in Charity of his distresse;
Help Sir (quoth he) one that is Fatherlesse:
Sirrah (said he) away, begone with speed,
I'le help none such, thou art a knave indeed:
Dost thou complain because thou want'st a Father?
Were it my case, I should rejoyce the rather,
For if thy Father's death cause thee repine,
I would my Father had excused mine.

A Country fellow had a dream;
Which did his minde amaze,
Thus steering up he waked his Wife,
And thus to her he sayes:
Oh Woman rise and help your Goose,
for even the best we have,
Is presently at point to dye,
unlesse her life you save;
On either side of her I see
an hungry Fox doth sit,
But staying upon courtesie,
who shall begin first bit.
Husband (Quoth she) if this be all;
I can your dream expound;
The perfect meaning of the same,
I instantly have found.
The Goose betwixt two Foxes plac'd,
which in your sleep you saw,

Is your ſelf that prove a Gooſe,
In going ſtill to Law:
On either ſide a Lawyer ſits,
and they do feathers pull,
That in the end you will be left,
a bare and naked Gull.
Wife, in good troth (quoth he) I think,
thou art juſt in the right:
My purſe can witneſſe to my grief,
they do begin to bite.
I do reſolve another courſe,
and much commend thy wit,
I'le leave the Gooſes part for them,
that have a mind to it.
And if thou ever find that I
to lawing humours fall,
Let me be hooted at *Weſtminſter*,
(Wife) I'le forſake the Hall.

AN idle fellow that would take no paine,
Looking that others ſhould his ſtate maintain,
Was ſharpe reproved by an honeſt friend,
Who told him, man was made for other end,
Then only eat, and ſleep, and play:
To whom the lazy creature thus did ſay,
Sir, I do nere intend to labour much,
Becauſe I ſee the bad reward of ſuch,
As take moſt pains. Horſes that labour great,
Are caſt into ditches for the dogs to eat.

Nothing but Mirth.

A Crafty kind of knavish fool,
(whereof there plenty bee,)
Did break his Masters Looking-Glass,
and swore it was not he:
His Master did examine him
demanding who it was,
Sir if you'l be content (quoth he)
I'le tell who broke the Glass;
With that he brought him in the Hall,
to Fortunes *Picture there,*
Saying, Sir, 'twas Fortune *did the deed,*
she ought the blame to bear.
His Master took a cudgel then,
and belaboured him withall;
Who crying out for mercy, down
before his feet did fall.
Nay (quoth his Master) 'tis not I,
to Fortune *you must speak,*
For even she that cudgels you,
the Glass before did break.

A Sort of Clowns, for loss that they sustain'd
By Souldiers, to the Captain sore complain'd,
With doleful words, and very woeful faces,
They moy'd him to compassionate their cases,
Good sir, (sayes one) I pray redress our wrong,
They that have done it, unto you belong.
Of all that e're we had, we are bereft,
Except our very shirts, there's nothing left.
The Captain answer'd thus: Fellows hear me;
My Souldiers robb'd you not I plainly see:
At your first speech you made me somewhat sad,

But your laſt words reſolv'd the doubts I had,
For they which riffled you, left ſhirts (you ſay)
And I am ſure mine carry all away:
But this I know an errour you are in,
My Souldiers would have left you but your skin.

ONe dying left three Sons;
whom he advice did give:
Of what Profeſſion to make choice,
whereby they beſt might live.
Unto the firſt he ſaid,
Law will be good for thee;
I know as long as there be Men,
ſome Wranglers ſtill will be,
The Second he did wiſh
a Cannons life to chuſe;
For when that others weep and mourn,
why thou ſhalt ſinging uſe.
And to the Third he ſaid,
Phyſick for thee is fit;
For Earth will ſmother all the Faults
Phyſicians do commit.

AN old ſtale Widdower quite paſt the beſt,
That had nothing above him in requeſt,
Save only that he carried in his Purſe,
Would have a tender Wench to be his Nurſe.
His ſight was dim, his teeth was rotted out,
His hands had Palſie, and his legs the Gout:
Yet he would Wench it with a dainty Maid,
Whoſe beauties price in all the Pariſh ſway'd,
And had her equal hardly to be ſeen,
A tender young one, much about Fifteen,

This

This Gallant to her did a Smer go
With much adoe, his legs did plague him ſo:
Yet with his ſtaffe a pretty ſhift he made,
So told her, Cupid *had the villain plaid*
With his poor heare, 'twas wounded for her ſake,
And ſhe muſt needs a healing plaiſter make.
The Maid beheld him with a loathing eye,
And for his quick diſpatch made quick reply:
Kinde Sir (quoth ſhe) your ſuit in love with-draw,
You ſhall not patch my new houſe with old ſtraw.

A Gentleman a curious building fram'd,
A houſe like thoſe that are from founders nam'd,
The Work-men had enlarg'd their art thereon,
Compoſing it a curious heap of ſtone.
Being perfect finiſhed as it ought to be,
The Founder brought his friend the ſame to ſee;
Demanded how he liked the houſe of his?
Why well (quoth he) only one fault's amiſs,
And that (me thinks) diſgraceth all the reſt:
Your Kitching is too little I proteſt.
O ſir (quoth he) in that you do miſtake,
A reaſon for the ſame I will you make:
Of purpoſe I contriv'd the Kitching ſmall,
To have my houſe the bigger therewithall.

A Barber and a Mower did contend,
With much adoe, before their ſtrife could end,
About the priviledge that each did claim,
And thus the Barber did his reaſons frame,
Sir, I am head of all the Trades that be,
For Kings muſt ſit bare-headed unto me.

The greatest Monarch that we finde,
Puts off to me, Mower you come behinde.
Th'other reply'd, Barber in vain you jarre,
I have a priviledge exceeds you far,
For when by me, the grass with Sithe is shorn,
Or that my sickle cutteth down the Corn,
Upon the stumps I boldly dare untruss:
What Barber on his work that dare do thus?

AN humerous fantastick Ass,
whose wit and wealth was spent,
Did in all companies he came
boast of his great discent:
And all the Gentlemen he knew,
unto his blood were base,
For he could prove from *Noah's* great flood
his stock of Royal Race.
Pray sir, (quoth one,) take no more pains,
in this same worthy thing,
For it is most apparent plain,
from what old house you spring:
You may just prove your pedegree,
from *Noah* unto this hour,
Your Ancesters good Masons were,
that wrought upon *Babel*-Tower,
And were I as your worship is,
in spight of Brick-layers-Hall,
I would give Trowel in mine Arms,
a Ladder, Tray, and all.

GEntlemen, that approach about my stall,
To most rare Physick I invite you all,
Come near, and hearken what I have to sell,

And deal with me all thoſe are not well,
In this ſame box I have ſuch precious ſtuffe,
To give it praiſe I have not words enough,
If any humour in your head be crept,
I'le finde it out as if your head were ſwept,
Almoſt through *Europe* I have ſhewn my face,
And wounders have perform'd in every place.
Behold this ſalve (I do not uſe to lye)
Whole Hoſpitals there have been cur'd thereby,
I do not ſtand here like a tatter'd ſlave,
My Velvet and my chain of Gold I have,
Which cannot be maintained by mens looks:
Friends all your town is hardly worth my books,
There ſtands mine Coach and Horſes, 'tis mine own,
From hence to *Turkie* is my credit known,
In ſooth I cannot boaſt as many will,
Let nothing ſpeak for me but only skill,
You ſee the thing like Gingerbread lyes there,
My tongue cannot expreſs to any ear,
The ſundry vertues that it doth contain,
Or number half the worms that it hath ſlain:
If in your bellies there were crawlers bred,
In multitudes like hairs upon your head,
Within ſome hours ſpace or thereabout,
At all the holes you have I'le fetch them out,
And ferret them before that I have done,
Even like the Hare that forth the buſh doth run.
Here is a woundrous water for the eye,
This for the ſtomach, Maſters will you buy?
When I am gone, you will repent too late,
And then (like fools) among your ſelves will prate:
Oh that we had that famous man again,
When I ſhall be employ'd in *France* or *Spain*,
Now for a ſtorer, you a box ſhall have,

That will the lives of half a dozen ſave:
My man is come, and in my ear he ſays,
At home for me at leaſt an hundred ſtays,
All gentlemen, yet for your good (you ſee)
I make them tarry and attend for me.
If that you have no money let me know;
Phyſick of Alms upon you I'le beſtow:
What Doctor in the world can offer more?
Such arrant Clowns I never ſaw before:
Here you do ſtand like Owls and gaze on me,
But not a penny from you I can ſee.
A man ſhall come to do ſuch Dunces good,
And cannot have his meaning underſtood;
To talk to ſenſeleſs people it is in vain,
I'le ſee you hang'd e're I'le come here again;
Be all diſeas'd as bad as horſes be,
And dye in ditches like to dogs for me:
An old wifes medicine, Parſly, Time, and Sage
Will ſerve ſuch Buzzards in this ſcurvy age;
Gooſe-greaſe and Fennel, with a few dog-dates,
Is excellent for ſuch baſe lowſie Mates:
Farewel, ſome Hempton Halter be the Charm,
To ſtretch your necks ſo long as is mine Arm.

ONe came to wooe a Wench that was preciſe,
And by the ſpirit did the fleſh deſpiſe,
Moving a ſecret Match between them two,
But ſhe in ſooth and ſadneſs would not do,
He did reply, ſo ſweet a fair as ſhe
(Made of ſuch ſtuffe as all fair women be)
Ought by the Law of Nature to be kinde,
And ſhew her ſelf to bear a womans minde.

Well

Well ſir (quoth ſhe) you men do much prevail,
With cunning ſpeeches, and a pleaſant tale, :
T'is but a folly to be over nice,
You ſhall, but twenty Shillings is my price,
A brace of Angels if you will beſtow,
Come ſuch a time, and I am for you ſo :
Well, he took leave, and with her Husband met :
Told him, by bond he was to pay a debt :
Intreating him to do ſo good a deed,
As lend him twenty ſhillings at his need :
Which (very kindly) he preſent did extend,
And th'other willing on his wife did ſpend.
So taking leave of her, he goes his waies,
Meeting his Creditor within few daies,
And told him, Sir, I was at home to pay
The twenty ſhillings which you lent the laſt day,
And with your wife (becauſe you were not there)
I left it, pray you with my boldneſs bear.
'Tis well (quoth he) I'me glad I did you pleaſure :
So coming home, queſtions his wife at leaſure,
I pray (ſweet heart) was ſuch a man with thee ?
And did he leave twenty ſhillings for me ?
She bluſh'd, and ſaid ; he hath been here indeed,
But you do ill to lend, Husband take heed,
The falſhood of the world you do not ſpy,
It is not good to truſt before you try.
Pray lend no more, for it may breed much ſtrife,
To have ſuch Knaves come home to pay your Wife.

A Crew of Foxes were on Theeving ſet,
Together at a Country Hen-rooſt met,
Where the poor Poultry went to grievous wrack ;
For there they feaſted till their guts did crack.

Having

Having well supp'd, ready to go away,
Without demanding what they had to pay;
Saies one unto the rest, friends hark to me,
Let's point where our next meeting place shall be.
With a good will (saies one above the rest)
At such a Farmers house, his Lambs be best,
Nay (quoth another) I do know a Clown,
Hath even the fattest Geese in all the Town.
Well Masters (said a grave and ancient Fox,
Had been the death of many Hens and Cocks)
The surest place to meet that I can tell,
Will be the Skinners shop, and so farewel.

A Shepheard that a careful eye did keep,
Unto the safety of his grazing sheep,
Perceiv'd a Wolfe thorow the hedge did pry;
Sirrah (quoth he) pray what make you so nigh?
Why (saye the Wolfe) thou seest I do no ill,
Thy flock is far enough upon the hill;
What Justice now a dayes these people lacks?
The Crows ride boldly on the Cattels backs,
And not a word thou say'st to them at all,
Yet but for looking on with me dost brawl.
The Proverb's true, for now I finde it well,
Whilesonce I heard an ancient old Wolfe tell,
He that upon a bad ill Name doth light,
Is even half hang'd, as good be hang'd out-right:
And I my self by proof can now alledge,
Some better steal, than some look o're the hedge.

The

THe Devil did complain he was not well,
and would go take ſome Phyſick out of hell:
To *England*, *France*, and *Spain* with ſpeed he got.
Where all refus'd him, he did burn ſo hot,
In haſte he then to *Germany* did hie,
The cunning of a *Quack-ſalver* to trye:
Where in a Market place upon a Stage,
He found a fellow could all griefs aſſwage:
Doctor (quoth he) I want ſome of of thy skil,
For I do finde I am exceeding ill,
And any thing for eaſe I will indure:
What? wilt thou undertake my pain to cure?
If thou canſt eaſe the malady I have,
Thou ſhalt have gold, even what thy ſelf will crave?
Gentleman (ſaid the Doctor to this Devil)
Upon my life I'le rid you from this evil?
Make unto me thoſe griefs you have, but known,
And with the curing them let me alone.
Why ſir (quoth he) my head with horns doth ake,
My brains doth Brimſtone-like *Tobacco* take;
My eyes are full of ever-burning fire,
My tongue a drop of water doth deſire;
About my heart doth crawling Serpents creep,
And I can neither eat, nor drink, nor ſleep,
There's no diſeaſes whatſoe're they be,
But I have all of them impos'd on me;
All torments that the tongue of man can name
Within, without, in a continual flame.
Quoth the *Quack-ſalver*, I will undertake
A ſound man of you in a moneth to make.
Wilt pleaſe your worſhip ſhew me where you dwel?
Marry (quoth he) my Chamber is in Hell,

Thy charges in thy Journey I will bear,
And Ile prefer thee to the Devil there:
With ſpeed get up, I'le take thee on my back,
The world may ſpare thee, and in Hell we lack.

A Biſhop met two Prieſts upon the way,
And did ſalute them with the time of day:
Good Morrow Clerks unto you both (quoth he)
Sir (they reply'd) no Clerks, but Prieſts are we.
Why (quoth the Biſhop) then I will conſent.
Unto the title of your own content:
Sith you deny to carry ſcholars marks,
Good morrow to you Prieſts, that are no Clerks.

ON climing on a tree by hap
fell down, and brake his arm,
And did complain unto a friend
of his unlucky harm.
Would I had counſel'd you before,
(quoth he to whom he ſpake)
I know a trick for climbers, that
they never hurt ſhall take.
Neighbour (ſaid he) I have a ſon,
and he doth uſe to climbe,
Pray let me know the ſame for him,
againſt another time.
Why thus (quoth he) let any man
that lives, climb never ſo high,
And make no more haſt down than up
no harme can come thereby.

AN aged Gentleman ſore ſick did lye,
Expecting life, that could not chuſe but dye:

His

His Fool came to him: and intreated thus,
Good Maſter, ere you go away from us,
Beſtow on Jack (that have often made you laugh)
Againſt he waxeth old, your walking ſtaffe?
I will (quoth he) go take it, there it is,
But on condition Jack, which ſhall be this;
If thou do meet with any whilſt thou live,
More fool than thou, the ſtaffe thou ſhalt him give.
Maſter (ſaid he) upon my life I will,
But I do hope that I ſhall keep it ſtill.
When death drew near, and faintneſs did proceed,
His Maſter cals for a Divine with ſpeed,
For to prepare him unto Heavens way,
The Fool ſtarts up, and haſtily doth ſay;
Oh Maſter, Maſter, take your ſtaffe again,
That proves your ſelf, the worſt fool of us twain.
Have you now lived ſome fourſcore years and odd,
And all this while are unprepared for God?
What greater Fool can any meet with all?
Then one that's ready in the grave to fall,
And is to ſeek about his ſoul eſtate,
When death is opening of the Priſon gate?
Bear witneſs friends, that I diſcharge me plain,
Here Maſter, here, receive your ſtaffe again.
Upon the ſame condition I did take it,
According as you wil'd me, I forſake it:
And over and above, I will beſtow,
This Epitaph, which ſhall your folly ſhow.

Here lies a man, at death did Heaven claime,
but in his life he never ſought the ſame.

A Simple Clown in *Flanders*,
As he travelling had been,

Having his Wife in company,
Came late into his Inne,
A *Spaniſh* Souldier being there,
A gueſt unto the place,
No ſooner ſaw, but lik'd his wife,
(ſhe had a comely face)
And watch'd when they were gone to bed:
Then boldly in comes he,
And never ſaid, friend by your leave;
But made their number three.
The Clown lay ſtill, and felt a ſtir;
But durſt not ſpeak for's life,
At length his patience was ſo mov'd
He ſoftly jog'd his Wife,
And ſaid to her, prethee intreat
The *Spaniard* to be ſtill,
Can I ſpeak *Spaniſh* man (quoth ſhe)
You know I have no skil:
But Husband if you pleaſe to riſe,
And for the Sexton go,
He underſtandeth *Spaniſh* well
Aſſuredly I know.
Faith and I will fetch him ſtreight, (quoth he)
And ſo the Ruſtick roſe,
And ſoftly ſneaking out of doors,
About his Meſſage goes.
Mean time, imagine what you will,
To me it is unknown;
But e're her Husband came again,
The *Spaniard* he was gone;
Which when the ſimple man perceiv'd,
He fell to domineer:
O wife (ſaid he) for twenty pound
I would I had been here.

Tell

Tell me (sweet heart) when I was gone,
How long the Knave did stay?
(Quoth she) you scarce were out of doors
Before he ran away.
Wife (quoth the Clown) thou mak'st me laugh,
That I did fear him thus;
Come let us take a little nap,
For his disturbing us.
You see what comes of policy,
And good discretion, wife.
If I had been a hasty fool,
It might have cost my life.

I Am a professed Curtezan,
That lives by peoples sin,
With half a dozen Puncks I keep
I have good comings in:
Such store of Trades haunt my house
To finde a lusty Wench,
That twenty Gallants in a week
Do entertain the *French*,
Your Courtier, and your Citizen,
Your very Rustick Clown,
Will spend an Angel on the Pox,
Even ready money down:
I strive to live most Lady-like,
And scorn those foolish queans,
That do not rattle in their Silks,
And yet have able means;
I have my Coach, as if I were
A countess I protest,
I have my dainty Musick plays,

when I would take my reſt.
I have my Serving-man to wait
Upon me in Blew coats,
I have my Oares that do attend,
My pleaſure with their Boats,
I have my Champions, that will fight,
My Lovers that do fawn,
I have my Hat, my Hood, and Mask,
My Fan, my cobweb Lawn,
To give my Gloves unto a Gul,
Is mighty favour found,
When for the wearing of the ſame
It coſts him twenty pound.
My Garter is a gracious thing,
Another takes away,
And for the ſame a ſilken Gown
The Prodigal doth pay.
Then comes an Aſs, and he forſooth
Is in ſuch a longing heat,
My Busk-point even on his knees
With tears he doth intreat,
I grant it, to rejoyce the man,
And then requeſt a thing,
Which is both Gold and precious ſtone,
The Woodcocks Diamand Ring.
Another lowly minded youth,
Forſooth my ſhooe ſtring craves
And that he putteth through his ear,
Calling the reſt baſe ſlaves.
Thus fit I fools in humour ſtill
That come to me for game,
I puniſh them for *Venery*,
Leaving their purſes lame.
In New-gate ſome take lodging up,
Till they to Tiburn ride;

And

And others walk to *Woodſtreet*, with
A Sergeant by their ſide,
Some go to *Hounds-ditch* with their Cloathes,
To pawn for money lending,
And ſome I ſend to Surgeons ſhops
Becauſe they lack ſome mending.
Others paſs ragged up and down,
All tatter'd rent, and torn;
But being in that ſcurvy caſe
Their companies I ſcorn.
For if they come and fawn on me.
There's nothing to be got;
As ſoou as ere my Merchants break,
I ſwear I know them not;
No entertainment, nor a look
That they ſhall get of me,
If once I do begin t'perceive,
That out of Caſh they be:
All kindneſſes that I profeſs.
The faireſt ſhews I make,
Is love of all that comes to me,
For Gold and Silvers ſake.
To forward men, I forward am,
moſt frank unto the free,
But ſuch as take their wares on truſt,
Are not to deal with me.
The World is hard, all things are dear,
Good-fellowſhip decayes,
And every one ſeeks profit now
In theſe ſame hungry dayes,
Although my trade in ſecret be
Unlawful to be known,
Yet will I make the beſt I can
Of that which is my own:
For ſeeing I do venture fair

At

At price of whipping chear,
I have no reason but to make
My Customers pay dear.
Our charge beside is very great
To keep them fine and brave.
A Whore that goes not gallantly
Shall little doings have:
Therefore all things consider well,
Our charges, and our danger,
A daily friend shall pay as much
As any Term-time stranger.

A Rich man and a poor did both appear
Before a Judge an injury to clear:
The rich did tell a tale most tedious long,
Mending (as he suppos'd) with words the wrong;
And ever when the poor man would have spoke,
With bold out-facing speech he did him choak:
The wofull wight at length could bear no longer,
But boldly rais'd his voyce both loud and stronger;
My Lord (quoth he) pray now did Dives *stay,*
And hear but what poor Lazarus *can say;*
My Oxe came in his field, which he doth keep,
And swears for that he'l pay me with a sheep.

FINIS.